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LASH LARUE

WESTERN

FEBRUARY

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TWICE AS
MANY ACTION
STORIES OF
THE KING OF
THE BULLWHIP!

NICHOLAS
MASCALE

LASH LARUE WESTERN



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Pat Madole Executive Editor



LASH LARUE



TOMBSTONE WAS ELECTRIC WITH TENSION THAT DAY / THERE WAS NO SMALL TALK NO SMILING FACES / EVERY BODY WAS WAITING...FOR THE **BIG SHOWDOWN**...



53777

THE WOMEN AND THE YOUNG 'UNS HAD CLEARED OUT AT DAWN / ONLY THE MEN-POKE WERE LEFT / AND THEIR FACES WERE GRIM, AND DAMP WITH SWEAT...



WHAT'S THE WORD FROM LA RUE?

HE'S STAYING ON / HE SAYS THERE'LL HAVE TO BE A SHOW-DOWN SOON-ER OR LATER BETWEEN HIM AND MURDOCK!

BUT DIDN'T YOU TELL HIM THAT MURDOCK WILL COME RIDING IN WITH A GANG TODAY?



"HIS! HE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT MURDOCK'S NEW GANG!"

LA RUE / FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE MAN, LISTEN TO REASON / WE'RE ALL BEHIND YOU, BUT THOSE WILL BE TRAINED GUN-MEN MURDOCK WILL HAVE WITH HIM!



SEE THIS BADGE? THE MAN WEARING IT STANDS FOR THE LAW / THE LAW CAN'T AFFORD TO TURN TAIL WHEN THE TIME COMES FOR A SHOW-DOWN... NOT IF THIS TERRITORY'S EYES TO BE FIT FOR DECENT FOLKS TO LIVE IN!



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR OFF...

SO EVERY-THING'S ALL SET FOR MY VISIT TO TOMBSTONE, HUH?

THAT'S RIGHT, MURDOCK / NOT A CHANCE IN A MILLION THAT LA RUE'S GUN WILL WORK WHEN THE TIME COMES FOR THAT SHOW-DOWN!



LASH LARUE WESTERN



...BUT YOU SHOWED THEM, LA RUE / SNAPPING THAT BULLWHIP OF YOURS AS ONLY YOU CAN, YOU DISARMED THOSE SIDEWINDERS!



LASH LARUE WESTERN



...I'LL NEVER FORGET HIS FACE WHEN I FIRST ASKED MORT IF HE WANTED TO TRY TO BREAK OUT WITH ME ...



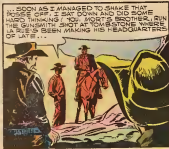
ONLY ONE THING YOU HAVE TO PROMISE ME, MORT! SOON AS WE'RE BREAKIN' FREE AIR AGAIN, WE TRACK LASH LARUE DOWN! NEITHER OF US WOULD BE HERE IF NOT FOR HIM!



YEAH... TOO BAD IT WASN'T IN THE CARDS FOR MORT TO MAKE IT...



LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE WESTERN



WHERE ARE YUH, LA RUE? THIS IS JEFF MURDOCK. I'VE COME TO TOMBSTONE... IT'S TIME FOR OUR SHOWDOWN!



HERE I AM, MURDOCK!

TOO BAD, LA RUE... BUT ME AN' MY GANG AIM TUH GET ROLLING AGAIN! AND WITH YOU IN THE WAY, THAT MIGHT NOT BE SO EASY!

YOU SEEM MIGHTY SURE... THAT I'M THE ONE WHO'LL BE OUT OF THE WAY AFTER THIS SHOWDOWN, MURDOCK!



YEAH... THAT'S RIGHT! I'M MIGHTY SURE!

THERE THEY GO!

LOOK AT THAT LA RUE GUN, WILL YOU? HE'S FASTER THAN GREASED LIGHTNING!



KLIK!

?



LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE WESTERN



AND THAT WAS HOW THE DAY ENDED! WITH LASH LA RUE'S BULLWHIP WHINING THROUGH THE AIR, SOUNDING OUT DOOM FOR THE LAWLESS WITH ITS THROGGING EVERY CRACK! THAT WAS THE WIND-UP OF THE...

SHOWDOWN AT TOMBSTONE

LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE



THE PEOPLE IN TOWN LOOKED GOOD -- FARMERS, BLACKSMITHS, MERCHANTS. THEY ALL LOOKED LIKE NICE LAW-ABIDING PEOPLE / BUT HERBERT GREENROCK WAS ITS LEADING CITIZEN... AND HE TOLD LASH LARUE THEY WERE AGAINST THE LAW!

OUTLAW TOWN



LASH LARUE WESTERN



THE MARSHAL HEADED HIS GREAT HORSE, RUSH, FOR TOWN, HALFWAY THERE, THE MARSHAL SAW HIS MEN AHEAD, STILL CARRYING THE BOX...



LASH LA RUE WESTERN

THE MARSHAL KNEW THE JAIL WAS DRUGS -- HE TURNED AWAY AND ASKED ANOTHER...

YOU SAW HIM, SIR? WHERE DID HE GO?

I DIDN'T SEE HIM! GO TELL GREEN-ROCK I'M GLAD HIS MONEY'S GONE!



YOU'RE ONE OF GREEN-ROCK'S GUNMEN! JIMMY BLOOD WON'T BE CAUGHT BY THE LIES OF YOU!

SO JIMMY BLOOD'S HIS NAME? THANKS, OLD TIMER! WHERE'S THIS MAN, GREEN-ROCK?



DON'T LISTEN TO THESE FOOLS, MARSHAL! JIMMY BLOOD TOOK THE MONEY -- I'LL HAVE MY MEN HELP YOU FIND HIM!

I'LL BRIDE - CLATE HELP, GREEN-ROCK! WHERE ARE THEY?



GREEN-ROCK SUMMONED HIS MEN! LASH LA RUE SAW SOME FAMILIAR FACES... MEN WANTED BY THE LAW...

JIMMY BLOOD'S HIDDEN HERE IN TOWN! SEARCH THE HOUSES! THE MARSHAL WILL BE WITH YOU!



GO AHEAD, MARSHAL! GO WITH THE OTHER WIRE RIFRAFF! THE ONE NEXT TO YOU IS A CATTLE-THIEF!



DROP IT, MISTER!

LASH LARUE WESTERN



GREEN-
ROCK'S
MEN
SEARCHED
EVERY-
WHERE!
LASH
ON A
HUNCH,
WENT
INTO
THE
STALLS
WITH
TWO
OF
THEM...



LASH LA RUE WESTERN



GREEN-
ROCK,
AND
HIS
GUN-
SUNGERS
WERE
OUTSIDE,
BULLYING
AND
THREAT-
ENING!
HE
SPOTTED
JIMMY
FIRST
THEN
THE
MARSHAL.





Draw Me

YOU MAY WIN A \$375.00 SCHOLARSHIP
IN PROFESSIONAL ART

PRIZE: A complete art course—free training for a career in advertising art, illustrating or cartooning—plus a professional drawing outfit and a series of valuable art textbooks.

THERE'S A BIG DEMAND FOR TRAINED ARTISTS. Try for this free art course! You're coached, individually, by artists on the staff of world's largest home study art school. Many of its graduates are now well-paid artists. Enter contest today!

DRAW THIS GIRL'S HEAD

Sketches by the artist, drawings for November 1957 contest must be received by November 30. Name returned. Winner notified. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Mail your drawing today!

USE 1 COUPON
THEN PASS THIS PAGE
ON TO A FRIEND



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509 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

Please enter my attached drawing in your contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____ City _____

Zone _____ County _____ State _____

Occupation _____ Home _____

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LASH LARUE WESTERN

Davy Crockett

STAMPEDE



WHO'S EVERYBODY LISTENING TO?

WHO ELSE? BUT DAVEY CROCKETT!

SE EVER HAVE ANY GUN-FINIS WITH BUFFALO, DAVEY?

RECKON I DID! RECKON I CAVE CLOSER TO BEIN' TROMPLED FLAT BY A WHOLE HERD OF THOSE SHADY CRITTERS THAN ANY MAN ALIVE!



LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE WESTERN

WELL, WHAT DO YE KNOW? HE FELL SACK-
WARR, CLIMB! MY HAND WITH HIS BOW,
AS HE FELL, BUT ALSO PROVIDIN' HE
WITH SHELTER--SO WHILE SAID
AGAINST HIS HIDE, I CAN RE-LOAD!



AND KEEP SHOOTIN' AT THE
BEST OF HIS FRIENDS AS
THEY STANDEDE BY!



SO THAT WAS ALL
OF IT, FOLKS? I
HAD MY CLUCK
SCRAPE AND THOSE
JAWNS ATE
HEARTY!

G-GOSH!
WHAT A MAN!

DON'T TELL
MR. JAW
BELIEVE
HIM!



DAN CRCKETT JUST
KIMES UP THOSE STORIES!
WHY FOR A QUARTER OF
THE THINGS TO HAVE HAP-
PENED TO HIM THAT HE
LAIS CLAIM TO, HE'D HAVE
TO HAVE MORE LIVES THAN
A CAT!

WHY YOU--



SO YE DON'T BELIEVE
DAN CRCKETT--EH,
SON?

NO I DON'T! AND
I'LL PROVE YE'RE
SOTTIN' BUT A TALE
SPINNER! YE SAID
THAT BUFFALO
GRAZED YOUR HAND
IN GON'D DOWN?
IF HE DID--SHOW
US THE SCAR!



TAKE YOUR CHOICE
NOW--EVERY ONE OF
THOSE SCARS WAS A
SEPARATE TALE!

G-GOSH EXCUSE
ME, MR CRCKETT!
I-I-I SURE WAS
WRONG ABOUT YE!



THE END

MYSTERY! MAGIC! SCIENCE! FUN!

Amuse and Amaze Your Friends



BIKE SPEEDOMETER
READS UP TO 30 M.P.H.

See how fast your riding time yourself on roads and see if you can better your top speed. No gears, no out-of-control mechanism. From the country store and go. Easy to install.
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Here's something new in target throwing in case you miss, it comes right back to you, and bings! you're all set to "fire" again. More fun than a "barrel of monkeys".
No. 341 50¢

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Ventro & Book

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No. 137 25¢



CONDENSED SMOKE POWDER

Simply set off the smoke powder and you'll discover in a cloud of smoke the fun for all magical effects and developments with Complete formula. Enough powder for hundreds of uses.
No. 272 \$1.00

Your chance to have eyes in back of your head. Sit behind or alongside and so see know you are watching fun every where you go.
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WHOOPEE CUSHION

Place it on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream at parties and gatherings.
No. 247 50¢

TRICK BASEBALL

It bounces cockeyed, it curves, it dips, it's impossible to catch. It's sure to set off the kids on the block spinning after it. There's a barrel of fun in every bounce of this amazing baseball.
No. 158 50¢



TALKING TEETH

They move! They talk! They're wonderful! Guaranteed to start the big-mouthed up for good. It's a really embarrassing thing. It's a set of big little teeth that when wound up start to chatter away, like crazy. A great comic effect for late teeth on cold nights.
No. 303 1.25



POWERFUL MANY EXCLUSIVE ITEMS AVAILABLE

COMPACT ONE TUBE RADIO

Pocket Size . . . Brings in stations up to 1000 miles away



Modern electronics makes this wonderful set possible. So small it will fit in a pocket. Everything is supplied for you. Easy to assemble in a few minutes with just a screw driver. No soldering required. Really powerful too. Announcements of stations up to 1000 miles away come in so loud and clear you'd think they were right near home. Learn many useful and important things about radio.
No. 265 3.98



BLACK EYE JOKE

Show them the "naughty" picture inside. They'll find it and turn it to see, but all they do is blacken their eyes.
No. 216 25¢



SURPRISE PACKAGE

Are you willing to take a chance? We won't tell you what you'll get, but however you're willing to gamble, we'll give you more than your money's worth.
Only 50¢
No. 478



HOT CANDY

Looks like regular candy, but it sure doesn't taste like it. Burns your mouth when you eat it. Like pepper. Big hit.
No. 313 12¢

ELECTRIC MOTOR

5000 RPM



—Drives all Models
This is an offer that sounds unbelievable but it is being made just the same. You can have an actual electric motor for just 50¢. This compact little 1/2 horse is a pinch to build this high-power motor. And that fun you are going to get from using it. It's so simple, and your motor is ready to turn out 5000 rpm at 50¢ power to work for you. The cost of this remarkable tool actually turn at the rate of 1500 feet per minute.
No. 052 Only 50¢

JOY BUZZER



The most popular joke novelty in years! Ring up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost sends the victim off his feet with a "shocking sensation". Absolutely harmless.
No. 239 Only 50¢

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

WOMEN HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP., Lynbrook, N. Y., Dept. WK-48

Cancel ship orders totalling less than \$1.00

With our 10-day trial offer, if you are not satisfied, I may return any part of my purchase after 10 days free trial for full refund of the purchase price.

ITEM NO. NAME OF ITEM QUANTITY TOTAL PRICE

- ☐ I enclose \$_____ on full payment. The Women House Products Corp. will give postage.
- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will give cash on delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE

THE 'PRECIOUS CARGO'

THE GOVERNOR SAID THE PACKAGE HAD TO GET TO COCKISE CITY...AND IT WAS LASH LARUE'S JOB TO GET IT THERE / NO ONE KNEW WHAT WAS IN IT... BUT KELSO BROWN'S GANG WAS DETERMINED TO GET THEIR HANDS ON THE VALUABLE ITEM...



PULL 'EM UP, LARUE / KELSO WANTS A LOOK INSIDE THAT... ANGH!

I'M NOT STOPPIN' THIS SIDE OF COCKISE CITY, HORSE THIEF!

52382

THE SENDING MARSHAL WAS ON THE TRAIL OF KELSO BROWN'S GANG WHO WENT THROUGH CLOMBAH / IT WAS FROM THERE THAT THEY WENT TO...



THE TWO O'CLOCK TRAIN! THAT'S DUE IN FIVE MINUTES!



GIWME A COPY OF THAT TELEGRAM, LARUE GOT, QUICK!

LASH LARUE WESTERN

LASH
LARUE
MET
THE
TRAIN...
BUT
KELSO
BROWN
WAS
THERE
WATCH-
ING
TOO...



THAT BOX IS VALUABLE ENOUGH TO
MAKE THE GOVERNOR, CAIL LARUE
AN' TELL 'EM TUH DELIVER IT TO
COCKSBIE CITY! IT WON'T GET
THERE!



KELSO BROWN GOT A LOOK AT THE
MESSAGE -- HE'LL BE AFTER ME...



...AND THAT SUITS ME
FINE! IF KELSO'S
GANG COMES
AFTER ME, THEY'LL
WIND UP IN PRISON!
I HOPE THEY DO!



KELSO
BROWN
HAD A
HEALTHY
RESPECT
FOR
THE
IRONIC
MARSHAL...
BUT
HIS
GREED
WAS
STRONGER...

MAKE 'EM RUN, MEN! LARUE'S
GOTTA STICK TO THE ROAD!
WE'LL NAIL HIM AT
AMBUSH PASS!



IT FIGURED... THEY'LL MAKE
THEIR FIRST TEN HERE!

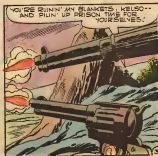


LASH LARUE WESTERN

KELSO'S
IDEA
OF
BLOCK-
ING
THE
FLEE-
ING
BACK-
FIRE!
LASH
DIDN'T
SLOW
DOWN
WHEN
THE
GUNMEN
CUT
LOOSE...



COCKSIE
CITY
WAS
MORE
THAN
SIXTY
MILES
DISTANT!
LARUE
MADE
MORE
THAN
HALF
OF
THAT
BEFORE
HE
CAMPPED
FOR
THE
NIGHT...



LASH LARUE WESTERN

KELSO WHIRLED... BUT LASH DIDN'T SHOW HIMSELF! HE COULDN'T BE SURE WHERE THE REST OF THE GANG WAS...

DROP YOUR GUNS! NOW, DRIFT OUTA HERE! IF YUH COME BACK TONIGHT, I'LL SHOOT YORE BUTTENS OFF!

YUH WIN, LARUE! LET'S BEAT IT, PETE!



I'LL STAY HERE -- THEY DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM! I'LL TRY TO NAIL 'EM CLOSER TO COCHISE CITY!



LASH HEARDED COCHISE CITY ABOUT NOON THE NEXT DAY. HE SAW THE TRACKS OF KELSO'S GANG! THEY WERE THERE FIRST...

KELSO WANTS THE BOX! HE WON'T WASTE ANY TIME HERE!



GET DOWN AND THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS, LARUE! THERE'S A DOZEN OF US AFTER THAT PACKAGE!



I'M NOT GNIN' ANYTHING UP, BUSTER!



CUT 'EM DOWN, BOYS!



LASH LARUE WESTERN

KELSO'S GANG SHOT FIRST... BUT LASH SHOT AS FAST AND A LOT STRAIGHTER...

WHERE'S KELSO? WHY DO ALL HIS DIRTY WORK FOR HIM?



I'M COMIN' FOR YOU, KELSO. I TOLD YOU I'D PUT YOU WHERE YOU BELONG!

GET 'IM, BOYS!



LASH THIRLED HIS WHIP AND...

UGH! WE GIVE UP! THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS, BOYS!



LASH LARUE DELIVERED THE BOX TO ITS DESTINY. ANY DOCTOR, JONES, AND EVEN HE WAS PRIZED AT ITS VALUE...

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH YOU'VE HELPED, MARSHAL! THIS VACCINE ARRIVED IN TIME TO STOP AN EPIDEMIC!



KELSO BROWN WOULDN'T HAVE MADE A NICKEL WITH THAT PACKAGE... BUT HE WOULD'VE COST PEOPLE THEIR LIVES. HE BELONGS WHERE HE'S GOING... SIXTY PRISON!



END

Railey's Raiders

On that twelfth day of June at ten in the morning, the western town of Daytonville looked very peaceful. There wasn't a cloud in the sky and the sun was bathing the town in its gentle warmth. The streets were almost deserted. A lone horse was tied up at the hitching rail outside Spertman's General Store. Bill Grugget, a cowhand from the Barr-N Ranch had ridden into town. He was inside the store speaking to the proprietor.

"I hope you got that present for me," he said. "I don't want to go back empty handed this time."

Outside a little girl of five was crossing the street all by herself. She was hugging close to herself a little doll. Then from the edge of the town came a mounted group of thirty men. Each was dressed in a similar outfit consisting of a black shirt, gray trousers, a large sombrero, and a yellow handkerchief around the neck. Each rider carried a full cartridge belt around his hip and two six guns. But what was unusual was the fact that around the chest of each man was another gun belt with two other six guns. The forward man on the left carried a banner on which there was a coiled snake. Underneath were written the words: "We Strike."

The little girl saw the men and stopped in fright. She dropped her doll. The leader stopped his horse and held up his hand. In an instant every horse was brought to a full stop. The leader dismounted and picked up the girl's doll which he gave to her. Then he conducted her across the road. She showed him a house. He knocked on the door and delivered the little girl to her mother with a smile.

"Keep her indoors," he warned. "Close all your shutters tight."

The mother opened her mouth to say something, but no words came, for she recognized John Railey, the most feared man in the West. He turned around and left her. Then he mounted his horse and his men followed him. He stopped in front of the stage coach office and he and five of his men dismounted. They entered together.

"You have a package with twenty five thousand dollars in National Bank notes," he told

the clerk. "Give it to me."

The frightened clerk began to tremble. Then he turned around and handed a canvas bag to John Railey. The leader opened it and checked its contents. From an inner office a man came out with a six gun in his hand.

"That's United States Property you are stealing," challenged the clerk who finally managed to find his tongue.

Both of his hands were on the counter as he spoke. His eyes followed the movements of the man who seemed to be paying no attention to the words. Later the clerk would recite in detail the events that had happened. In years to come he would even tell and retell that story hundreds of times. His own grandson would some day remark to him:

"You were brave, grandfather?"

Outside, John Railey quickly remounted his horse. He and his men left the town almost as quickly as they had entered. In a few minutes the street became crowded with townfolks.

Sheriff Ben Marks reached Daytonville two hours later. He had been out on a false chase.

"Something must be done to stop him," he told the mayor. "I am going to ride to Fort Sill. Colonel Bascom promised me last time that troops would take to the field the next time Railey's Raiders struck."

By late afternoon of the next day the sheriff had made the long ride to Fort Sill. He was welcomed by Colonel Bascom who gave him cheerful news.

"If necessary we will put more than a thousand troops into the field. But could we catch John Railey? He uses exactly the same tactics as when he commanded his guerrilla group during the war between the states. Dishands when he feels he is going to be pursued. Then his men meet later and go on another mission. Washington has sent its best man to go after him. He has full orders and is quite capable of handling the situation. Turn around and look at him."

Sheriff Ben Marks swung around on both feet. The man he was facing wore a long Prince Albert coat. From his hips swung two pearl

handled Colt's .45. The famous law man of the West walked right up to the sheriff.

"Haven't seen you since that trouble at Dodge City," he smiled.

"You are the best medicine any man needs," was the reply as the two law men shook hands.

"John Bailey uses the element of fear," explained the famous law man of the West. You dare not shoot at any of his men. He trains his men exactly the same way as he trained his guerrillas. Each is taught to be a deadly shot. Now they have the new six guns with metallic cartridges. Each raider carries four loaded revolvers. So just multiply thirty by twenty four bullets and you see the tremendous fire power they have at close quarters. Each man can ride his horse holding the reins in his mouth and firing a gun in each hand at the same time. But this time I think I have a plan that will work. John Bailey uses spies to find out when valuable shipments of money or ore are made. Rest here today and come with me tomorrow morning."

The next morning the two law men left Fort Sill. They headed east and by late afternoon reached the reservation where Chief White Feather and his tribe lived. The red man greeted his friend warmly and with good news.

"We have followed your orders. My braves have rounded up a large band of wild Mustangs. We go whenever you give us the signal."

"In about three weeks we should be ready," replied the Prince Albert Kid as a puzzled sheriff listened.

The two law men spent the night at the reservation. Then the Prince Albert Kid told the sheriff some further news.

"In about three days you will be told where to meet me. Say nothing and do as you are told."

A stagecoach was headed southwest from Blummer's Station. Next to the driver was the shot gun messenger. The horses were going at a reduced speed.

"Soon?" questioned the shot gun messenger.

"Any minute," was the two word reply.

The horses stopped by themselves before a small landslide of rocks. Then from behind several large boulders came armed men with their revolvers. Their leader, John Bailey spoke.

"No resistance. Drop that rifle at your side and the shot gun you are holding to the ground. Then give me the chest with the gold coins."

The chest was produced and smashed open by one of the raiders. John Bailey lifted up rolls of \$20 gold pieces. These were quickly transferred to a large canvas bag. Then the

raiders mounted their horses and cut south for the desert land. When they were out of sight, the messenger took some oil soaked rags. He made a fire and soon was sending up smoke signals.

"Step one in the trap worked rather well," smiled the driver. "Hope the next idea works as well."

Sheriff Ben Marks had been summoned by an Indian heave to a rendezvous. There he met the Prince Albert Kid with fifty well armed cavalrymen.

"We will follow their tracks," said the famous man of the West. "But we remain a good distance behind."

At evening, John Bailey and his raiders dismounted and made camp. The horses were closely picketed and guarded. The ex-guerrilla leader was careful. But he never expected what took place at about three in the morning. He and his men were awakened by a tremendous roar and the noise of hoofbeats on the sand. Right through their camp came the band of wild horses. And when they went away, with them were the picketed horses who in their fury had pulled up their stakes from the ground. The raiders were without horses!

In the morning they spotted two groups of mounted men. One consisted of cavalrymen, the other was a band of mounted Indians. When John Bailey used a spy glass to get a closer look, his heart almost popped into his mouth.

"They have four six-pound cannons with them," he exclaimed. "Loaded with cannister they will blast us to pieces. What are we going to do? We can't reach them with our revolvers or rifles. They can follow us at any safe distance if we try to get away together on foot. And if we separate, they will pick us off one by one."

So John Bailey held a council and his men took a vote. Finally on the third vote they decided to ask for terms and surrender. They were only promised a fair trial.

"Only one man in the West could have figured this plan out," sighed the raider.

Later behind bars, he asked the Prince Albert Kid one question.

"You risked a fortune in gold coins to bait me. Suppose I had gotten away with it?"

"What fortune?" laughed the famous man of the West. "Only the top coin in each roll was a \$20 gold piece. Underneath were brass discs."

LASH LARUE WESTERN

FRONTIER COURAGE



THE DEVILS! BETTER
GET RIGHT ON
THIS TRAIL!



THAT'S FIRE-CLOUD! ALL RIGHT! ONLY HIS
SQUAW SENDS MESSAGES WITH THAT
CROSS-SEAM! MUST BE A STRONG
PARTY-- THEY LEFT A LOT OF
SIGN TO FOLLOW!



LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE WESTERN



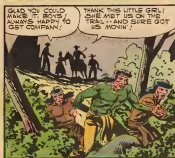
LASH LA RUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE WESTERN



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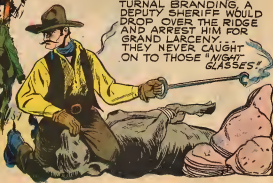
WESTERN WINKERS

Spot The Rustlers...

THE OLD-TIME RANCHERS DEvised MANY METHODS FOR COMBATING RUSTLERS. ONE OF THE MOST UNIQUE METHODS WAS THE ONE USED BY COL. C. GOODNIGHT OF TEXAS. HE SECRETLY SENT AWAY TO SAN FRANCISCO FOR THREE POWERFUL MARINE OR NIGHT GLASSES. EVERY NIGHT THERE AFTER, A VIGIL WAS KEPT...



ABOUT THE TIME A RUSTLER GOT HIS CALVES INTO THE CORRAL AND BEGAN HIS NOCTURNAL BRANDING, A DEPUTY SHERIFF WOULD DROP OVER THE RIDGE AND ARREST HIM FOR GRAND LARCENY. THEY NEVER CAUGHT ON TO THOSE "NIGHT GLASSES!"



LASH LARUE WESTERN

WESTERN WINKERS

THE 'BOOTLEG' PISTOL

THE "FORTY-NINERS" OF GOLD RUSH DAYS HAD MANY DIFFERENT TYPES OF WEAPONS THIS ONE WAS DESIGNED TO BE CARRIED IN THE POCKET OR BOOT... AS YOU CAN SEE, IT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE PROHIBITION ERA ---

ORIGINATED IN MISSISSIPPI, THIS UNDERHAMMER .31 CALIBER PISTOL HAD A 5 INCH ROUND AND OCTAGON BARREL.. ALTHOUGH RARE, SOME ARE STILL IN EXISTENCE.

LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE

BATTLE OF THE LASH



LASH La RUE WESTERN



LASH LA RUE WESTERN



"CAUGHT YUH LAST NIGHT, A ROBBIN' THE GOLD I DUG OUT OF MY STAKE, THAT'S WHAT ..."



LASH La RUE WESTERN

LATER... IN THE NEXT TOWN...



HOWE OF YOU MEN
WOULD KNOW THE
WHEREABOUTS OF
JAKE TRUMBULL,
WOULD YOU?

WAL, HE'S GONE,
MISTER / LEFT FOR
THE HILL COUNTRY
COUPLE OF DAYS AGO!
END HE HAD SOME
BUSINESS TUN ATTEND TUN...



THIS IS THE FIRST MINING
CAMP BEFORE THE ONE
WHERE OLD LIKE
LASH'S STAYED! MASH -
BE THEY'VE SEEN
HIM AROUND HERE!

BUT ON ARRIVING AT THE CAMP...



YUH
GOT
YORE
NEEVE
COVIN'
HERE
AGAIN...

WAL, RECKON IT'S
OUR GOOD LUCK /
GIT THE ROPE
READY, BOYS!

HOLD IT,
MEN...



IF I HAD GIVEN YOUR
GOLD, AS YOU CLAIM--
WOULD I BE LIKELY TO
STOP HERE?

WAL, IT
DON'T MAKE
SENSE / BUT
YO'RE SHORE
'NEED HERE /
LET'S HERE
WHAT YUH GOT
TUN SAY?



I WON A CONTEST AND BEAT
JAKE TRUMBULL. HE'S SO BATTER
HE'S OUT TO GET ME, AND THIS IS
HIS WAY OF DOING IT! HE MUST
HAVE A DISGUISE SO HE LOOKS
LIKE ME AND HE'S COMMITTING
CRIMES TO GIVE ME A BAD NAME!

LASH LA RUE WESTERN

LASH'S ARGUMENTS CONVINCED THE MINERS HE WAS ON THE LEVEL. HE DECIDED TRUMBULL WOULD NOT STRIKE THEM AGAIN AND MOVED ON.



I'VE GOT TO GET TO HIS NEXT STOP BEFORE HE DOES, AND I THINK I KNOW WHERE THAT WILL BE... COME ON RUSH LET'S MAKE TRACKS!

BY NIGHT-FALL...



THIS IS THE NEXT LIKELY CAMP FOR TRUMBULL TO STRIKE... IF HE'S GOING TO TRY AGAIN TO DISCREDIT ME! MY BEST BET IS TO STAY OUT OF SIGHT AND WAIT!



AN HOUR LATER...

SEEMS AS IF I GUESSED RIGHT THIS TIME! IN THE DARKNESS THAT HORNBOT COULD PASS FOR ME!



THIS IS YOUR LAST THEFT IN MY NAME, TRUMBULL!

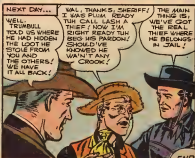
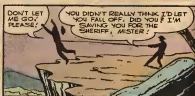
WHA... LA RUE!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



MAYBE IT'S YOUR LAST PLAY, TOO, LA RUE!

LASH LA RUE WESTERN



RED-EYE

HE RODE A STOLEN HORSE INTO TOWN... EVERYONE KNEW GEORGE VOSS'S BIG BOY AND THEY KNEW GEORGE WOULD NEVER SELL HIM! BUT THE DEPUTY SHERIFF WAS GONE AND NO ONE ASKED THE MAN WITH THE PECULIAR EYES ANY QUESTIONS!

Good and Terrible

52785

THAT'S GEORGE VOSS'S HORSE OUT THERE, MISTER! DID HE SELL YOU THE HORSE?

MISTER, YUH JUST MADE A MISTAKE! A BIG MISTAKE! DRAW!

A TEXAN IN THE PLACE SAW RED-EYE BRIGGS'S EYES AND WHISPERED HIS NAME! FLAMES FLICKERED BEHIND THEM, THE FLAME COLOR AS THE FLAMES THAT BLOOMED AT THE END OF HIS COIT 45'S...

THIS IS THE ANSWER I GIVE THU SHOOPERS!

DROP THE GUN, SPRINGER!

LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE WESTERN



RED-EYE HAD NO TROUBLE LEARNING WHICH ROOM WAS THE AMMENS! HE WENT DIRECTLY TO THEIR ROOM, AND...



CLAY AMMEN GAVE RED-EYE THE MONEY... BUT THAT WASN'T ENOUGH FOR RED-EYE BRESSO.



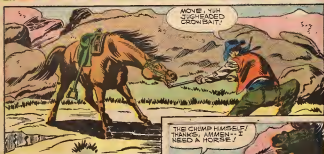
LASH LARUE WESTERN



RED-EYE HEADED FOR THE AND BEHIND HIM, NURSING HIS HORSE, CLAY AMMEN RODE STEADILY...



ON HIS STOUT HORSE / HIS HORSE, CLAY AMMEN



LASH LARUE WESTERN



THE TIME, I'LL
MAKE SURE!

CLAY AMMEN HAD WORKED THE TRICK TWICE ON
RED-EYE... FACING TO THE SIDE AS THE GUN-
MAN PULLED THE TRIGGER, CLAY AIMED AND...



MY TURN, BRAGO--AND
I DON'T MISS!



NO, AMMEN! LOOK,
I'LL... UGH!



GET UP, RED-EYE!
YOU'RE WALKING BACK
TOW TOWN!

CLAY AMMEN DELIVERED HIS PRISONER TO THE
SHERIFF'S OFFICE. RED-EYE WAS WANTED
FOR A TEXAS SHOOTING AS WELL. IT WAS THE
END OF THE TRIAL FOR WALTER 'RED-EYE'
BRAGO...



LOOK! HIS EYES
ARE RED NOW!
HE'S DANGEROUS.
THEY SAY WHEN
HIS EYES GET
RED!

NOT ANY
MORE! HE'S
BEEN BLISS-
FUL LIKE
A BABY!
THAT'S WHAT
MAKES HIM
RED-EYED
NOW!



END

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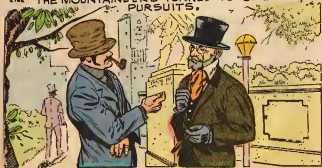
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WESTERN WINKERS



I T WAS A CHANGE OF FASHION IN EUROPE DURING THE OLD FUR TRADING DAYS THAT HELPED TO CHANGE THE CURRENT OF OUR WESTERN HISTORY....THE INVENTION AND USE OF THE SILK HAT DISPLACED THE BEAVER HAT.. THAT DROPPED THE DEMAND FOR BEAVER AND WRECKED THE FUR TRADING BUSINESS. THE MOUNTAINEERS TURNED TO OTHER PURSUITS.

2742



LASH LARUE WESTERN

WESTERN WINKERS

SNAP THEM SNAKES

MOST OF THE TRAVELING IN THE EARLY DAYS OF FREIGHTING WAS DONE UPON WHAT WAS CALLED THE SANTA-FE ROAD. STARTING FROM INDEPENDENCE MO. AND UNLOADING AT SANTA-FE N.M. . . . THE RATTLE-SNAKES ON THE ROAD BECAME A GREAT ANNOYANCE. THEY OFTEN BIT THE MULES AND OXEN. . .

SO, MEN WOULD BE SENT AHEAD WITH WHIPS FIRST, TO FRIGHTEN THE SNAKES. THEN LATER THE OX-TEAMSTERS WITH THEIR LARGE WHIPS DESTROYED THE SNAKES.



General Custer's Wife Talks

The most tragic figure of all Indian fighters is General George Custer. Just one simple decision on his part and the history of the West as well as his destiny would have been changed. When he and his entire troop were annihilated at Little Big Horn in 1876, his headquarters had on hand four of the 90-pound Gatlings having a rate of fire of 1,000 rounds per minute.

These perfected weapons were designed especially for animal transportation and could be fired from horseback or from the ground on a tripod mounting. They were chambered for the Army standard caliber .45-70-405 infantry center-fire rifle cartridge. Had General Custer taken with him only one of the four that were available, the phrase "Custer Massacre" so well known to every school child, would have had a reverse meaning, since one can hardly visualize a more perfect target for a tripod-mounted machine gun than a band of Indians galloping in a circle.

The person we are going to interview is the widow of General Custer. She will tell us a few things about life in those days at Fort Lincoln. She is seated in a comfortable chair and years have passed since her warrior husband and his small gallant band went down before overwhelming odds. But her voice is clear though low. This is what she still remembers:

"My husband's duties extended over a wide range. If the landowners had a serious difficulty, he was asked to settle it. They had many pugilists among them and the least infringement of their rights provoked a battle in which wood and other missiles filled the air. Bandaged and bruised they brought their wrongs to our house where both sides had a hearing. The General had occasion to listen and arbitrate between husband and wife as when the landress and her soldier husband did not agree. I was banished from the room while he heard their story and gave them counsel.

In the same way he listened to whatever complaints the soldiers made. Some of them came late

our quarters on one occasion with a tin cup of coffee for the general to taste, and to determine whether he agreed with them it was too poor to drink. From that time on, after every Sunday morning inspection, the general went with all the officers to visit the kitchens, as well as the barracks of each company. Every troop commander was called upon to pass criticisms on the cleanliness of the quarters and the wholesomeness of the food.

The companies each gave a ball during the winter. The preparations were begun long in advance. There was no place to buy anything save the Sutler's store and the shops in the little town of Bismarck. But they were well ransacked for materials for the supper. The bunks where the soldiers slept were removed from the barracks and flags festooned around the room.

Arms were stacked and gaudies arranged in groups. A few pictures of distinguished men were wreathed in imitation laurel leaves cut out of green paper. Chandeliers and side brackets carved out of cracker box boards into fantastic shapes were filled with candles. At either end of the long room great logs in the wide fireplaces threw out a cheerful light.

The ball opened, headed by the first sergeant. After the officers and their wives were invited to form a set at one end of the room. We danced several times. One of the men whose voice was loud and clear sang the calls. He was a comical genius and improvised new ways of calling off. When the call came in the quadrille to "Turn Your Partners", his voice rose above the music in the notes of the old song, "Oh swing those girls, those pretty girls you left behind you!" This was such an inspiration to the fun lovers that the swinging usually ended in our being whirled in the air by the privileged members of our family.

The soldiers were a superb lot of men physically. The out-door life had developed them into perfect specimens of manhood. After the company tails had cut over their uniforms they were often the

perfection of good fitting. The older soldiers wore on the sleeves of their coats the rows of braid that designate the number of years in the service. Some had the army badges of the corps in which they fought during the war. While an occasional foreign decoration showed that they had been brave soldiers in the fatherland.

We were escorted out to the supper room in the company kitchen in advance of the enlisted men. The general delighted the hearts of the sergeant and the hall managers by sitting down to a great dish of potato salad. It was always well flavored with the onion. We ladies took cake of course, but sparingly for it was a great luxury.

The soldier had to ask permission to marry and his engagement was a weary waiting period sometimes, for each company was allowed but three or four laundresses. In order to get a vacancy for his sweetheart, the soldier had to wait the discharge of some other soldier from the company whose wife held the appointment of laundress. These women were at the ball in full force and each one brought her baby.

When we removed our wraps in the room of the first sergeant we usually found his bed quite full of curly-headed infants sleeping while their mothers were dancing. It was very enjoyable to watch the women dancing with their partners.

The pack of hounds were an endless source of delight to the general. We had about forty: the stag hounds that run by sight and are on the whole the fleetest and most enduring dogs in the world. And the fox hounds that follow the trail with their noses close to the ground. The first rarely barked but the latter were very noisy.

The fox hounds were of the most use in the winter for the hunting was generally in the underbrush and timber along the river. I never tired of watching them start for the hunt. The general was a figure that would have fixed attention anywhere. He had marked individuality of appearance and a certain unstudied carelessness in the wearing of his costume. It gave a picturesque effect not the least out of place on the frontier. He wore troop boots reaching to his knees, buckskin breeches on the sides, a dark navy blue shirt with a broad collar, a red necktie, whose ends floated over his shoulder exactly as they did when he and his entire division of cavalry had worn them during the war. On the broad felt hat that was almost a sombrero was fastened a slight mark of his rank.

He was at that time thirty-five years of age, weighed one hundred and seventy pounds, and was nearly six feet in height. His eyes were clear blue and deeply set, his hair short wavy, and golden in tint. His mustache was long and tawny in color. His complexion was florid except where his forehead was shaded by his hat. For the sun always burned his skin ruthlessly.

He was the most agile, active man I ever knew. And so very strong and in such perfect physical



condition that he rarely knew even an hour's indisposition. Horse and man seemed one when the general vaulted into the saddle. As an example of his horsemanship, he had a way of escaping from the stagnation of the dull march when it was not dangerous to do so. He would do this by sidling a short distance in advance of the column over a divide, throwing himself on one side of his horse so as to be entirely out of sight from the other direction, giving a signal that the animal understood, and tearing off at the best speed that could be made.

In hunting, the general rode either Vic or Dandy. The dogs were fond of the latter, they seemed to have little talks with him. The general's favorite dog, Blucher, would leap up to him in the saddle, and jump fully over the horse in starting. They often started a deer within sound of the bugle at the post. In a few hours their shouts would call me to the window. And there, drooping across the back of one of the orderlies' horse would be a magnificent black-tailed deer. We had a saddle of venison hanging on the wood house almost constantly during the winter. The officers' and even the soldiers' tables had this rarity to vary the monotony of the inevitable beef."

The wolves in their desperate hunger used to come up on the bluff almost within a stone's throw of our quarters. It was far from pleasant to look out of the window and see them prowling about. The weather seemed to grow colder and colder as the winter advanced. It was from 20 to 30 below zero in ordinary weather. The officers were energetic enough to get up sleighs. There was no lumber at the post except unseasoned cotton-wood. But they did build sleighs that worked.

When the thermometer went down to 45 below zero the utmost vigilance was exercised to prevent the men from being frozen. The general took off all the sentinels but two. And those were encased in buffalo overcoats and shoes and required to walk their beat but fifteen minutes at a time. A hole in the river had to be cut in order to get water underneath the ice."

I noticed that Mrs. Custer seems tired so it is best she stop talking now. You have an invitation for some other day when she will again tell you about the never-to-be-forgotten past of the young West.

— The End —

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LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE™ GUN-SHY

THEY SAID LASH LARUE COULDN'T HOLD A GUN -- HIS GLOVES DO THE DAMAGE -- AND HE THOUGHT NO ONE KNEW! THEN KENO RIGGS CHALLENGED HIM TO DRAW! KENO, A TINKER WHO ORDINARILY TIPPED HIS HAT WHEN LASH WALKED BY!



51878

KENO FELT SAFE... UNTIL THE MASTER OF "THE BULL" WHIP MADE HIS MOVE...



LASH LARUE WESTERN



KENO RIGGS / HAD / HIS / ENTIRE / GANG / IN / TOWN! / LASH / LA RUE / HAD / GOTTEN / WORD / THEY / WERE / THERE, / AND / HE / RODE / IN / TO / FORE- / STALL / TROUBLE...



KENO RIGGS / HAD NO / CHARGES / CURRENTLY / STANDING / AGAINST / HIM / THE / LAW / NEEDED / EVIDENCE... / KENO / KNEW / THAT...



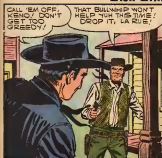
EVERY GUNSLINGER KENO / HIRSD WENT AFTER LARUE / THE FIGHTING MARSHAL / AVOIDED A FIGHT EACH / TIME...



LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE WESTERN



CALL 'EM OFF, KENO! DON'T GET TOO GREEDY!

THAT BULLSHIT WON'T HELP YUH THIS TIME! DROP IT, LA RUE!



THAT'S BETTER! NOW, WE CAN TAKE OUR TIME!

YUH'RE ALL SATED FOR PRISON, KENO! WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF WITNESSES THIS TIME! A SLICK LANNER WON'T HELP A BIT!

KENO'S MEN SEARCHED THE TOWN, HOUSE BY HOUSE! LIFE SAVINGS WERE TAKEN, EVEN PIGGY BANKS WERE EMPTIED! AND LASH LA RUE HAD TO STAND BY AND WATCH...



WHAT A HAUL! AFTER WE SPUT, WE CAN ALL LIVE LIKE KINGS BELOW THE BORDER!

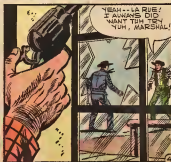


THIS IS FAR ENOUGH, KENO! I'LL TRY YUH OUT -- WANT TO HOUSTER YOUR GUN AN' MAKE IT A FAIR FIGHT?



YORE HANDS ARE HURT -- I KNOW THEY ARE! HOW COME YOU'RE SO BOWIE?

IT'S MY JOB, KENO! YUH GOT THE KEENE?



YEAH -- LA RUE! I ALWAYS DID WANT TUH TRY YUH, MARSHAL!

LASH LARUE WESTERN

ONE
MAN
IN
TOWN.
THE
DOCTOR
KNEW
THE
TRUE
STATE
OF
THE
MARSHAL'S
HANDS. HE
WAS
READY
TOO...



LASH IS
CRAZY!
THEY
SAID HIS
HANDS
ARE
SPRAWLED
AND
SWOLLEN!

HE SPREAD THAT
STORY HIMSELF.
THEY'RE NOT PER-
FECT -- BUT HE
CAN HOLD A GUN!
GET READY TO
BACK HIM UP!



COME ON,
DRAW!

THE
WHOLE
TOWN
EXPLODED
AT THE
SOUND
OF KENO'S
VOICE. MEN
WHO'D
SUBMITTED
TAMELY
TO THE
OUTLAWS
A MOMENT
BEFORE,
SUDDENLY
WENT
INTO
ACTION...



YOU MADE A MISTAKE, KENO!
THAT'S ONE TOO MANY!



DOC'S SHOTGUN WENT TO WORK...



LOOKS LIKE WE GOT 'EM ALL!
LET'S START STRAIGHTENIN'
THINGS OUT NOW!



THANKS FOR SPREADIN' THE FALSE RUMOR
DOC! KENO'S BOYS WOULD'VE GUILDED
ED IF THEY PUNED IT CAUTIONS!
THIS WAR, THEY WERE
COCKY! THE WHOLE
GANG WILL GO TO
THE PEN!

END

LASH LA RUE WESTERN



LASH LARUE

KURT GRD HAD SEIZED THE BADGE OF OFFICE WITH A COLT - AND HE AIMED TO KEEP THE JOB THE SAME WAY! UNDER GRD'S RULE, BULLETS COUNTED MORE THAN BALLOTS AND LASH LA RUE HAD TO FREE THE COUNTY OF...

COLT LAW

GET HIM, MILES! IF THEY COUNT THE REAL VOTES, WE'LL BOTH GO TO PRISON!

AS SOON AS I GET THE BALLOT BOX OUT OF THE FIRE, I'LL HOLD YOU TWO FOR THE REAL SHERIFF, BILL NASH!



LASH LA RUE HAD NEVER BEEN TO BALDWIN BEFORE... BUT HE'D HEARD IT WAS RIGGED. HE KNEW IT WAS BEFORE HE EVEN REACHED TOWN...



LASH LA RUE WESTERN



LASH SEARCHED THE MAN... AND WAS SHOCKED TO LEARN HE WAS HUE'S DECKER, DEPUTY SHERIFF. HE GRABED HIM ON HIS HORSE AND HEADED FOR TOWN...



LASH LA RUE WESTERN



THE JAIL WAS CROWDED ALREADY WHEN THE ROYAL MARSHAL ARRIVED! AND HE FOUND HIMSELF IN DISTINGUISHED COMPANY...



LASH LA RUE WESTERN



... AT THIS DISTANCE!

LASH HEARD BILL NASH TELL THE REST OF THE STORY / BALDWIN WAS BEING BLEED DRY BY ORD'S GANG...



WE'RE LUCKY, LA RUE / IT'S NO USE!

DON'T QUIT, BILL / THE FOLKS DESERVE A CHANCE TO ELECT AN HONEST MAN!



I'LL DESTROY THESE REAL VOTES AND SUBSTITUTE THE BALLOTS ELECTIN' ME!



YOU'VE GOT A SHEET RACKET, ORD / NEED ANOTHER HAND?

YEH... TO GIVE YOU WHAT'S COMIN' TO YUH, LA RUE!

WURT ORD WAS BLAZING MAD... HE STEPPED CLOSER TO NEEDLE LA RUE... LASH BACKED UP AND ORD PRESSED AGAINST THE BARS! THEN LASH LEAPED...



I'M GONNA MAKE YOU WISH... OHWW! MY ARMS!

I'LL HOLD 'IM, BILL / GET THE KEYS!



AND TAKE HIS GUNS! YOU AND YOUR MEN ARE FREE, NOW!

AMBER WE'VE GOT A CHANCE YET!

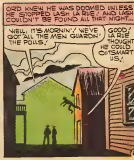
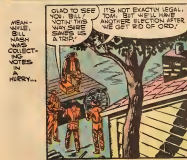
LASH LA RUE WESTERN



KURT ORD'S MEN SCATTERED BEFORE THE GOING MARSHAL'S BULL WHIP AND BILL NASH'S COOL MACKS-MANSHIP...



LASH LA RUE WESTERN



LASH LA RUE WESTERN



• DIS-REGARDING THE SEARING HEAT, THE ROVING MARSHAL COULD USE HIS BULL-WHIP AND...



Will -
You
Give
Me A
Home?



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104 P. played **SLASH FURNISH** (see p. 104) for 10 days and kept his head up through a slushy January featuring periodic 4- to 6-inch snowfalls and other "bracket" moments with zero wind. The weather did not help. A few days, he was a 4-5 and generally he could hit the bumper until he played 10-day sessions. Parents didn't realize, until a while back, he was a 4-5 and a 5-6 and a 6-7 and a 7-8 and a 8-9 and a 9-10 and a 10-11 and a 11-12 and a 12-13 and a 13-14 and a 14-15 and a 15-16 and a 16-17 and a 17-18 and a 18-19 and a 19-20 and a 20-21 and a 21-22 and a 22-23 and a 23-24 and a 24-25 and a 25-26 and a 26-27 and a 27-28 and a 28-29 and a 29-30 and a 30-31 and a 31-32 and a 32-33 and a 33-34 and a 34-35 and a 35-36 and a 36-37 and a 37-38 and a 38-39 and a 39-40 and a 40-41 and a 41-42 and a 42-43 and a 43-44 and a 44-45 and a 45-46 and a 46-47 and a 47-48 and a 48-49 and a 49-50 and a 50-51 and a 51-52 and a 52-53 and a 53-54 and a 54-55 and a 55-56 and a 56-57 and a 57-58 and a 58-59 and a 59-60 and a 60-61 and a 61-62 and a 62-63 and a 63-64 and a 64-65 and a 65-66 and a 66-67 and a 67-68 and a 68-69 and a 69-70 and a 70-71 and a 71-72 and a 72-73 and a 73-74 and a 74-75 and a 75-76 and a 76-77 and a 77-78 and a 78-79 and a 79-80 and a 80-81 and a 81-82 and a 82-83 and a 83-84 and 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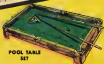
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